

Barbours Southern.

WEDNESDAY, - DEC. 19, 1867

[From the London Society.]

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Our Shakespearean Gallery.

MACBETH.

Macbeth was a Highlander from Highland county, Ohio. He was distantly related to the Highlands of the Hudson. He early emigrated to Scotland, where he first attracted attention as a Brigadier of Militia. One night while crossing a lonely moor, coming home from a general muster (pretty well peppered), he was accosted by three witches, one of whom cried, "All hail Macbeth, Thane of Glam Chawdron," while another saluted him "King of the Cannibal Islands?" They all united in a chorus of "Haka, poka waka, fum," all of which had the effect to greatly inflame the ambition of the General. Thane he was already, but the prediction of the fiend, Duncan held the throne, and it was evident to the most casual observer that Duncan was such a donkey as to abdicate in favor of Mac or any other man. He wrote to his wife all about it, hinting that he would like the situation of King, should there be a vacancy, having held almost every other office, from Alderman of his native village, up.

Mrs. Macbeth was a strong-minded female, generally understood by the neighbors to wear the breeches. She couldn't wait for Duncan to pass away in the regular course of nature, so she egged Macbeth on to hasten his demise and possess the throne. An opportunity soon offered. The King one night having remained down town until the street cars had stopped running, was forced to stay over night at the Macbeth residence. Mrs. Macbeth showed him every attention. She gave him the spare bed-room off from the parlor;—had a fire built in the parlor stove; hot water for him to wash in, etc., etc. When the good King had retired, Macbeth and his wife consulted together as to the best plan for removing him from a world of trouble. It was at length arranged that she should get his servant drunk on "applejack" while she carved the apple. She would have done it herself, said she, had he not resembled Macbeth's father-in-law, as she slept.

Macbeth steals on tip-toe to the King's bed chamber, and shortly returns with a dagger in each hand, stained with seeperry juice. The deed is executed and stamped, and only requires to be registered. He was very pale and trembled violently, being seized with that remorse or conscience which every villain feels after committing crime, until he is satisfied that he is not going to be caught.

He is troubled about the seeperry juice on his hands, and wants to know if there is water enough outside of temperance organizations to wash it out. She tells him that a little turpentine will easily fix that. He starts at every sound, and seems to hear a voice which says, "Sleep no more! Macbeth both murder sleep," adding something to the effect that Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup would be unsavory in the future to insure to him a quiet nap. Disgusted with his timidity, she snatches the dagger from his hands, and, bearing them to the front parlor, places them by the side of the king's servants, who are drunk under the piano. This is for the purpose of fixing suspicion upon them as the guilty parties. It being the well-known custom of murderers to lie down and go to sleep, immediately after butchering a gentleman, with the gory implements of their profession in their hands.

Just before daybreak the door bell rings; McDuff, a Scotch nobleman of Irish extraction, who had been up all night at a Fenian ball, had stopped to enquire if the King was stirring yet, not knowing that for the purpose of fixing suspicion upon them as the guilty parties. It being the well-known custom of murderers to lie down and go to sleep, immediately after butchering a gentleman, with the gory implements of their profession in their hands.

Macbeth takes on terrible about it, of course, Mrs. Macbeth comes in her night-gown and is carried out in a swoon; the neighbors are aroused and a messenger is despatched at once for the coroner. Macbeth stabs the King's servants, and tells the jury at the inquest that he couldn't help it when he saw what they had done—he never was so mortified in all his life.

The King's sons leave the country, fearful that the melody that had carried off their father might run in the family when Macbeth starts a rumor that they were implicated in the assassination, and appoints himself King. Henceforth his career is one of blood, ably supported by Mrs. Macbeth, who, like the devoted wife that she was, did all she could to promote her husband's prosperity.

They killed Banquo, one of King Duncan's generals, but his ghost persisted in sitting at their feasts, which didn't improve their appetites particularly, and was very unbecoming in the ghost. They carried on a general slaughtering business for some time, but at length McDuff raised a regiment of Fenians, and after vanquishing the "Queen's Own," put all that the King owned to flight, when Macbeth was killed in a hand to hand fight with McDuff, and died as he himself first cries out, "Sooth'st thou!" and McDuff laid on with such effect that Macbeth was soon knocked out of time.

Mrs. Macbeth fled to America. The last that was heard of her she was stamping Kansas under an assumed name, in favor of female suffrage.

Of all the political repartees, one of the happiest was that of Sheridan, who on being reproached by Pitt as forming a drag-chain of the wheels of government, bounded up with the reply "that for once he could compliment the minister on the correctness of his allusions, since the drag-chain was never applied but when the vehicle was going down hill."

"George, do you remember the story of David and Goliath?"

"Yes, sir, David was a tavern keeper and Goliath was an immoderate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it, and it said that David slew a giant for Goliath."

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